Teen And Up Audiences

Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Gen
M/M

Don't Hug Me I'm Scared (Webseries)

Duck & Red Guy & Yellow Guy (Don't Hug Me I'm Scared)
Duck/Red Guy (Don't Hug Me I'm Scared)

Red Guy (Don't Hug Me I'm Scared)
Yellow Guy (Don't Hug Me I'm Scared)
Duck (Don't Hug Me I'm Scared)

Families of Choice
(technically) - Freeform
Food as a Metaphor for Love
Cannibalism
(implied) - Freeform
Cuddling & Snuggling
Father Figures
yellow is red and duck's child
semi-graphic descriptions of eating dead "things"
Mild Gore
Dysfunctional Family
they're trying as best as they can
English Part 1 of home is where I want to be, but I guess I'm already there Next Work → underrated dhmis fics , IM DEALING WITH IT

no matter what we must eat to live

LittleMeowMeowEnjoyer

Summary:

The little yellow one was sitting on the kitchen tiles, legs criss-crossed, fiddling with the untied laces of his trainers. Red kept glancing over from his place at the stove, stirring the bubbling liquid in the soup pot.

"Hey," Red intoned, glancing again at the smaller one and his spot in front of the fridge. "Wanna come taste this?"

"Huh?"

Notes:

Yellow is basically Red and Duck's child in this, so don't read it if you don't like that kind of thing. I really can't help writing him younger though, he deserves a happy childhood away from Roy damn it 😭 Red/Duck is kind of implied but I'm tagging it anyway, just two dads and their weird yellow pet with some light cannibalism sprinkled in 💖

Unbeta'd so any spelling/grammar mistakes are my own

UPDATE: We've got fanart!!!! It's so cute it literally made me shriek aloud when I saw it PLEASE go give it some love 💗
https://twitter.com/megandoesart1/status/1581444159054831616

UPDATE 2: More fanart!!!!!!!!! Thank you all so much for your wonderful art and comments! Please go retweet/reblog these!!!!
https://twitter.com/Junkdoodle1/status/1581601230278651906
https://www.tumblr.com/cowmanreal/698714539300192256/been-reading-no-matter-what-we-must-eat-to-live

UPDATE 3: More beautiful art that I'll be printing out and hanging up in my house like the beloved masterpiece it is!!!
https://www.tumblr.com/cowmanreal/699009222578405377/haha-the-puppetses-are-a-family-also-check-out

UPDATE 4: More art!!!! It's sooo so cute and beautiful everyone go give it notes!!!
https://www.tumblr.com/chicken-needle-soup/702780176497606656/no-matter-what-we-must-eat-to-live

(See the end of the work for more notes (#work_endnotes) .)

The little yellow one was sitting on the kitchen tiles, legs criss-crossed, fiddling with the untied laces of his trainers. Red kept glancing over from his place at the stove, stirring the bubbling liquid in the soup pot.

He thinks it's stew, but one can't be too sure. The bird one had started it earlier that day, bored, wanting to do something with the meat he and Yellow had ground for shepherd's pie. The brown liquid was filled with pale, sinewy clumps of bone and flesh, Yellows' favorite.

"Hey," Red intoned, glancing again at the smaller one and his spot in front of the fridge. "Wanna come taste this?"

"Huh?" Yellow didn't look up from his shoes, mouth slipping open to hang slack. The little guy looked more confused than usual, if that was even possible.

"C'mere, I think you'll like it."

"Oh. Uh, can't." he extends his left leg, shoe squeaking against the floor. "Shoe's untied."

"What?"

"Shoe's untied." He repeats, fingers picking at the graying string of it. "Can't walk when it's untied. Duck said."

"Huh." Red scratches at the top of his head, unsure of what the laces had to do with the little one's ability to walk. "Well… Just tie it then."

"Can't."

"Why not?" Red huffs, annoyed by the unhelpful responses. He looks back into the stew and glares at the eye floating in it, batting it back under the broth with his spoon. It'll get gummy if it dries out too much, and the duck will most likely complain about the stew being ruined if it turns out gummy.

"Dunno how," Yellow sighs. "Need help."

Red braced himself at the admission of ignorance, ready to hear the shrill voice of some horrible singing loafer. Its heart set on telling Yellow the wonders of wearing shoes and all the fun that goes with it. Already reserving himself to a day filled with walking and hiking that will probably leave his feet bloody stumps, or leading to strangulation with shoestrings.

He waits a beat, then another. The only sound that fills the kitchen is the tick of the clock, that, and the quiet snores from the duck one in the living room as he naps in his chair. The yellow one is staring sorrowfully at his feet, ignorant to the confusion that blooms in Red's thoughts. Why is nothing happening?

"Hey, isn't one of those… *guys* supposed to show up?"

The yellow one finally looks up, face a little less vacant than usual.

"Can't bother, if there's two. Has to be three. You, me, and uh, the other one. I think. Three of us."

"Oh." Red stares at him, shocked at the semi-logical answer. There's no hint of green surrounding the boy's dark pupils, and his expression is still placidly blank. *Odd.* "I guess you must be right. Good Job. On the thinking, I mean."

The little yellow one squirms happily, looking back down into his lap with a small smile. It's cute, if Red were to admit it to himself. Which he doesn't.

"'Fank you." He giggles, bringing one hand up to gnaw on his knuckles, something Red only sees him do when he's legitimately happy.

"You're welcome." The red one keeps looking at the yellow one, as if studying him. He can't explain the slight flicker he feels in his chest, how the giggles make him feel almost protective of the strange child. Maybe that family stuff Duck was always squawking about had finally infested his mind, like a worm, or some horrible brain-eating bacteria. "C'mere, just… Kick your shoes off, okay?"

"Okay!"

The smaller one shuffles around, legs splayed, pulling his sneakers off with some effort. He wiggled his feet happily as each socked foot was tugged free, one white and the other white with blue on the toe and heel.

"I did it!" He gazes up excitedly at the Red one, seemingly hungry for more praise. Well, who was Red to crush his good mood? That's what the teachers are for. And Duck. And Roy, not that he wants that…man anywhere around the house.

"Yeah you did, good job." Red turns to stir the stew again, lowing the heat to a simmer. He can see Yellow kicking his feet happily against the floor again, face buried in his hands as he grins. "Now, come *here* please. Want you to try some of this."

The yellow one finally pushes himself up off the tiles, skidding his feet without lifting them, like he's ice skating. He slides all the way over to Red, before crashing against his legs, a panicked gasp escaping his mouth.

"Careful," Red's knee buckled at the force of it, one hand catching the counter for balance. "Yer gonna knock me clean over."

"Sorry." Yellow says, but he's still smiling, mouth a wobbly little line across his face.

"It's fine." Red sighs again, was the kid always this smiley? You'd think that he'd given him a hundred quid and instructions to spend it at the toy shop, not one or two miniscule compliments. Maybe he and the other one were too hard on this one sometimes, after all, it's not his fault his batteries didn't really work. Or that he and Duck didn't really want him changing them anyway.

"Can I taste now?" He's still leaning against the Red one's leg, knuckles worried in his teeth again. He looks almost sweet like this, hardly annoying at all. "M'hun'ry."

"Course." Red says dryly, "Here. Lemme just…" He bends down, startling the smallest one enough that he lets out a pathetic squeak. Red rolls his eyes, his mittened hands gently wrapping around Yellow's waist, tugging him up into the air and settling him on his hip. Honestly, the hysterics his housemates launch into at times can be *so* unnecessary. "There. Comfy?"

"Uh, umm…yeah. Yeah, am comfy." He's wrapped his spindly arms around Red's neck, eyes wide. Shimmying weakly as if to test the strength of Red's hold where it's wrapped around his hips to cushion his rump. He kicks a little, and the smile that had disappeared with the change of altitude comes back in full force.

"Good," Red hums. Honestly, he's as shocked by this situation as the smaller one is. It was like his muscles had acted before his brain gave permission for them to do so. All the talk of family and friends and clumping together in this group with their shared lawyer was making him…soft. Almost like he's happy.

He thinks back to the photo, the one he was trying to take with the other Red ones, the ones that looked like him. They didn't really like him that much, if he were being honest, and they certainly didn't like him smiling. What would they say about him now, with this small yellow *thing,* cuddled against his side.

"Re-*ed*." Yellow whined, breaking him out of his thoughts. His heels were thumping against the taller one's legs, impatiently. " *M'Hungryyyy* ."

"Calm down," Red smiles, just a bit, just testing the waters. He could stop if they get too weird, all his *happy* feelings. "I've gotcha."

He reaches for the wooden spoon with his free hand, tipping Yellow a little more onto his shoulder to keep him steady. The smaller one is a warm weight against his side, and he can feel his smile grow wider, more tender. He digs around the pot a moment, fishing out a few morsels of fat and tissue. The eyeball bobs to the top again, milky iris gazing up unseeing, perfectly plumped with stock. He scoops it up as well, content to spoil the small yellow boy for reasons he can't really place. If pressed he'd say he's doing it to annoy the duck, even if he privately admits the excuse sounds weak.

"Open up," He brings the spoon up to Yellow's mouth, gazing down, bashfully aware of how much he's still smiling. The yellow one just smiles back, small and warm, before opening his mouth wide. The little bugger didn't even move to place the spoonful of stew in his own mouth, just laxly accepting that Red'll do it for him.

And he does, almost in awe of how trusting Yellow can be, gently tipping the spoon to meet his lips.

"Mm!" Yellow slurps loudly, cleaning the utensil with an almost lurid hunger. Drawing the eye in and grinding it between his molars with a soft coo of pleasure, jaw working to pop it between his teeth. His own eyes are closed in happiness, cheeks full and soft around the mouthful, a smile brighter than Red has ever seen on his lips. He's moved onto the bones and sinew now, leaning forward to greedily lap the rest of the spoon's contents into his mouth.

"Easy," Red huffs a laugh, has he ever laughed before? "I won't take it from you, go slow and don't choke."

"Bu' it's sooooo good!" Cartilage crackles and snaps, his lips are stained by the brown broth now, and the spoon is licked clean. Red returns it to the pot, unconcerned with germs; They haven't reached that teacher yet, so he doesn't really care. Instead he stretches to pick up the dishcloth, it's a new one judging from its stiff texture, and brings it up to Yellow's face.

“I’m glad you liked it,” he says as he’s wiping the little one’s face, having to move with the squirmy giggles and playful head-turns to actually get his mouth clean. “Thank Duck when he wakes up, he’s the one that started it. I just warmed it up.”

“I will! An-an I’ll thank you too!”

“Thank me?”

“Yeah,” his eyes are lidded, and he’s gazing up at Red with open adoration. It reminds Red of the time he looked directly into the smiling sun, overwhelming and blinding, but almost too brilliant to look away from. “F’r lettin’ me lick the spoon.”

“Ah, well.” A stab of awkwardness flushes through him, the little guy is acting like he’s doing something amazing. Those big eyes piercing through the gruff exterior he puts on in this wretched place, revealing the soft, gooey feelings he has for his housemates. Like skin and fat sloughing off flesh to reveal the sticky gore that lies beneath, venerable and quivering. “You’re welcome.”

Yellow nods, head bobbing slowly. Red doesn’t remember him ever being this agreeable before, usually he’s just vacant and confused. Or sad and confused. Or annoying and confused. Or homicidal.

He could get used to this sweetness, used to the warm weight on his hip and beaming smile on the little thing’s face. He busies himself with the stew, stirring the mixture and fiddling with the temperature to lessen how *happy* he’s feeling. He keeps feeding spoonfuls of stew to Yellow, enough to logically ruin his appetite for dinner, but he can’t really find it in himself to care. The smaller one keeps opening his mouth eagerly, but his chewing grows slower as it goes on, finally shaking his head at an offered spoonful.

“Uh-uh.”

“You done?” Red returns the spoon to the pot again, which is noticeably emptier than it was before he’d picked up the little guy.

“Yeah.”

“You want to get down?”

“No.”

Red hums again, a comfortable feeling settling in his bones and various blood-filled organs, at least his stubbornness was familiar. He probably shouldn’t let the yellow one get too used to this, who knows how this place could use this sort of closeness against them? He should put him down, before something happens that changes their relationships from a weird lawyer-having clump of semi-acquaintances into something real.

So, of course, the yellow one chooses that moment to slump further onto his shoulder. Collapsing his full weight onto the older one, arms wrapping limply around Red’s torso. His head coming to rest in the hollow between Red’s neck and shoulder, face hidden in the tangled crop of soft, red yarn. And then, just to top it all off, he yawns, body limp and pliant in the Red one’s grasp.

“Sleepy now,” he says simply, words muffled. “Full.”

Christ, he’s going to convince Duck to explain how he managed to get his heart to fall out, his own can’t take Yellow being *cute* any longer without rotting from the sweetness. Red has to close his eyes for a second, just to process. This whole situation is making him want to squeeze the yellow kid as tightly as possible, pressing his lanky body against him so hard he sinks into his chest.

“Sleepy, huh?” He says, and gently hikes him back up on his hip instead. He brings his free arm around to cradle the small one’s lolling head, almost tenderly, hand mussing the fuzzy blue hair.

“Yeh.”

“Wanna nap?”

“Yeh. No. Jus’ Nap. No bed.” Yellow whines, bringing one hand up to rub at his closed eye.

“No bed? You wanna nap, but not in your bed?”

“Yeh, out here. Wi’ you, n’d the other one.”

“Oh,” Red feels himself smile softly, his muscles fatigued from overuse after a lifetime of neutrality. “Okay, we can go to the sitting room.”

“Kay,” Yellow says around a yawn, gripping some of Red’s yarn in his fist.

“Okay, uh. Let’s go then.”

It’s surprisingly easy to make the short walk from the Kitchen to his chair, the momentum of his steps making the yellow one’s feet swing and bump uselessly against his leg. He’s not heavy at all, maybe they should feed him more? He’ll have to talk to the duck one about it, re-budget the allotted grocery spending, maybe make more carb-y foods. He said he liked spaghetti right? To the computer?

He cuts a glance at the sleeping bird as he settles down in his armchair, a certain fondness curling in his gut at the sight of him. Head thrown back, snores leaking out of his wide-open beak, newspaper spread across his chest like a

blanket. What on earth is happening with his clump-roommate-friend-family unit today, why is everyone insisting on being cute?

Yellow makes a soft noise as he gets settled, wiggling to get comfortable on Red's wide lap, curling up sideways against the bigger one's torso and bringing his knees up almost fetally. He's nuzzling into Red's stomach, arms squeezing around his bigger friend's middle, a tired grin still flickering on his lips.

"Night."

"It's five past four."

"Night." Yellow huffs, squeezing his arms a little tighter. Maybe Red wasn't the only one who wanted to crush the people he lov-*liked* against him. "You sleep too."

"Are you telling me what to do?"

"Yeh. You sleep too. I says so."

"Well, alright then." Red says, tipping his own head back against his armchair. He meant to fake slumber to get the smaller one to quiet down but at some point he grows drowsy as well. His last thoughts before slipping off are filled with the plans for buying more family packs of Chuddle Dollops and Grolton's chicken buckets, now that they could. He tightens his grip on the yellow one, almost instinctively, cradling him close as he finally drops off.

He awakens to angry squawking.

"Did you two eat *MY STEW* without *ME?* "

Red cracks an eye, blearily looking down at the furious green bird in front of his chair. His hands are on his hips, and one foot is tapping wildly. This isn't going to be good.

"Only some of it." He yawns, gathering the yellow one closer. Yellow's mouth is open, breathing noisily through the commotion of Duck's tantrum.

"And now you're *SNUGGLING? WITHOUT ME?"*

"Yeah, I guess."

"YOU WHORES! Move over, I'm coming up there too!"

He's clambering up to the arm of Red's chair before he can stop him, jostling Yellow on the way. He tucks himself under Red's folded arms, inadvertently pressing himself closer to the yellow one as well.

"Excluding me from the group snuggle," He's speaking quieter now. "Honestly, it's like I live with uncivilized beasts."

"You were asleep when we came in, Mate."

"Well, you could have woken me!"

"Shut upppppp," Yellow moans, blindly reaching to bat at Duck's face. "M'tryin'a sleep."

"No, you shut up!" Duck huffs, but gently catches Yellow's hand to hold it. *"Stew-eater.* Do you want me to starve?"

"Couldn' help it. Was really good." Yellow's eyes pop open for a moment, a look of concentration like Red has never seen before flickering across his face. "Thank you. I like it."

With his earlier promise to Red fulfilled, and the angry squawking all but done, Yellow closes his eyes again. Nestling into the embrace of the bigger one, his hand still clutching the duck one's.

"Oh, well, you're welcome." Ducks eyes are wide, "I'm a very good cook you know."

"We know," Red intones, his eyes meeting the Duck's with a look filled with warmth. He can see the confusion he felt earlier reflected back in Duck's face, glad to know he wasn't the only one taken aback by the almost cozy atmosphere they've found themselves in. He offers a small shrug, and a wink that leaves the Duck blushing and sputtering.

"Sleep now," the yellow one whines

"Oh, alright. But you're helping me make more food when you wake up. I can't have you eating all my hard work and leaving me with nothing."

"Okay." Yellow sighs happily, and Red lets his eyes slip closed again.

"Night."

"G'dn'ght."

"Sleep tight fellows."

Notes:

Well this isn't the fandom I expected to write my next fanfic about, but I was obsessed with DHMIS as a 14 year old when the first video came out (I'm old) and the channel 4 show plunged me right back into that mindset! I honestly love it even more than the original videos if that's even possible, the humor adds so much to it. I tried to keep it as in character

as possible with the sort of OOC nature of this story (i.e. them being nice to each other LOL), sorry if the character voices are a little off.

Title is from Perhaps the World Ends Here by Joy Harjo

alternative title: where is my stew you WHORES

Series this work belongs to:

- Part 1 of home is where I want to be, but I guess I'm already there (http://archiveofourown.org/series/3179772) Next Work → (http://archiveofourown.org/works/42528906)

Close (#)